If euer loue had interest in his liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No,though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Will fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not wel, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eies,tongues, minds,and iniuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato,let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the prince and Claudio,
Yet,by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustly as your soule
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The smallest twine may leade me.

Frier Tis wel consented, presently away,
For to strange sores,strangely they straine the cure,
Come lady,die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd,haue patience and endure. *exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice,haue you wept al this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason,I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleeue your faire cosin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very euen way,but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a mans office,but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde so well as you, is

is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I knowe not, it were as possible for me to say,I loued nothing so wel as you, but beleue me not:and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing,I am sory for my cosin.

Bened. By my sword Beatrice,thou louest me.

Beat. Do not sweare and eate it.

Bened. I will sweare by it that you loue me,and I wil make him eate it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eate your word?

Bened. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I protest I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bened. What offence sweete Beatrice?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy houre, I was about to protest I loued you.

Bened. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart,that none is left to protest.

Bened. Come bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it, farewell.

Bened. Tarry sweete Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone,though I am here, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bened. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bened. We le be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that hath slaundered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand, vntill they come to take handes, and then with publike accusation vncouerd slaunder, vnrouttigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I woulde